

## CHARIVARIA.

THE Tsar of RUSSIA, our newspapers tell us, made a joke about the weather on meeting a deputation of the British visitors. It should soon be possible to publish an Anthology of the Jokes of Continental Royalties. It will be remembered that the KAISER made one in 1903.

At the Labour Party Conference, Mr. BRACE, M.P., declared that the sentences passed by Mr. Justice LAWRENCE on the men concerned in the Llanelly riots "reached to the highest standard of savagery." This is a literary way of saying that the punishment fitted the crime.

Mr. CHURCHILL is to speak at Belfast from a boxing platform. This is not altogether inappropriate for one who has, politically, boxed the compass.

They are proudly boasting in Carmelite Street that, while *The Daily Mail* is with us, Miracles will never cease.

*The Cologne Gazette* is pleased to confirm the allegation that English women cannot manage figures. Anyhow, the figure of the average English woman compares favourably with that of the average German Frau.

A contemporary published, the other day, an article entitled "Health and the Nose." Which reminds us that one meets not infrequently, especially in cold weather, a nose which, to judge by its complexion, is obviously enjoying ruder health than the face to which it is attached.

The Rev. LEON LINDEN, of Aurora, Illinois, suggests that, as soon as a man is married, a small hole should be punched in the lobe of his left ear as a token of his matrimonial status. It is felt that this would be less humiliating than the black eye which is the vogue in certain circles.

No subject would appear to be too gruesome to be treated of in a modern book. A volume entitled *Our Weather* has just appeared.

An ostrich which recently passed away at a private Zoo in Bedfordshire was found to have eaten seven pounds of stones and a bicycle puncture outfit. It is thought that the intelligent creature had tried to cure an internal cut caused by the sharp edge of one of the stones.

An outbreak of measles in the vicinity of Rosyth, where many naval



Mary Ann. "ULLO! YOU'RE A DIFFERENT GENT TO 'IM WOT COME LAIST WEEK."  
Tutlon Bandsman. "JA, DIS TIME I BLAY FASTER UND FINISH FIRST."

base employes reside, is causing some anxiety. According to one account the epidemic is German measles, and the microbes have been deliberately let loose by an emissary of the German Government.

The latest rumour about the Censor is that there is trouble in regard to two artistes now appearing at the Hippodrome. It has been suggested that Max and Moritz in the course of their performance make remarks absolutely unfit for publication, but there is some difficulty in the matter owing (1) to the fact that there is no one in the Censor's office, or even on the Advisory Committee, who has a knowledge of the language of monkeys; (2) to the further fact that their remarks are inaudible.

## "MONTE CARLO PIGEON SHOOTING.

## A TIE FOR FIRST PRIZE."

Thus *The Pall Mall Gazette*. It seems a very shabby prize.

From the Annual Report of the Hibernian C.M.S.:-

"We sent out sixty dresses to Miss Forsythe in December, and we have just heard she is using our gift in roofing the Mission House."

A word of explanation should have accompanied the dresses, and the mistake would have been avoided.

"Renfrew police are going in for a course of ju-jitsu. After some disappointing trials with dogs, they have now trained an Airedale terrier that is likely to be of the greatest use in the service."—*Glasgow Record*.

You should see him putting the wrist-lock on a burglar.

## STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

## III.—THE BARRISTER'S.

THE New Bailey was crowded with a gay and fashionable throng. It was a remarkable case of shop-lifting. Aurora Delaine, 19, was charged with feloniously stealing and conveying certain articles the property of the Universal Stores, to wit thirty-five yards of book muslin, ten pairs of gloves, a sponge, two gimlets, five jars of cold cream, a copy of the Clergy List, three hat-guards, a mariner's compass, a box of drawing-pins, an egg-breaker, six blouses, and a cabman's whistle. The theft had been proved by Albert Jobson, a shopwalker, who gave evidence to the effect that he followed her through the different departments and saw her take the things mentioned in the indictment.

"Just a moment," interrupted the Judge. "Who is defending the prisoner?"

There was an unexpected silence. Rupert Carleton, who had dropped idly into court, looked round in sudden excitement. The poor girl had no counsel! What if he—yes, he would seize the chance! He stood up boldly. "I am, my lord," he said.

Rupert Carleton was still in the twenties, but he had been a briefless barrister for some years. Yet, though briefs would not come, he had been very far from idle. He had stood for Parliament in both the Conservative and Liberal interests (not to mention his own), he had written half-a-dozen unproduced plays, and he was engaged to be married. But success in his own profession had been delayed. Now at last was his opportunity.

He pulled his wig down firmly over his ears, took out a pair of *pince-nez* and rose to cross-examine. It was the cross-examination which was to make him famous, and is now given as a model in every legal text-book.

"Mr. Jobson," he began suavely, "you say that you saw the accused steal these various articles, and that they were afterwards found upon her?"

"Yes."

"I put it to you," said Rupert, and waited intently for the answer, "that that is a pure invention on your part?"

"No."

With a superhuman effort Rupert hid his disappointment. Unexpected as the answer was, he preserved his impassivity.

"I suggest," he tried again, "that you followed her about and concealed this collection of things in her cloak with a view to advertising your winter sale?"

"No. I saw her steal them."

Rupert frowned; the man seemed

impervious to the simplest suggestion. With masterly decision he tapped his *pince-nez* and fell back upon his third line of defence. "You saw her steal them? What you mean is that you saw her take them from the different counters and put them in her bag?"

"Yes."

"With the intention of paying for them in the ordinary way?"

"No."

"Please be very careful. You said in your evidence that prisoner, when told she would be charged, cried, 'To think that I should have come to this! Will no one save me?' I suggest that she went up to you with her collection of purchases, pulled out her purse, and said, 'What does all this come to? I can't get anyone to serve me.'"

"No."

The obstinacy of some people! Rupert put back his *pince-nez* in his pocket and brought out another pair. The historic cross-examination continued.

"We will let that pass for the moment," he said. He consulted a sheet of paper and then looked sternly at Mr. Jobson. "Mr. Jobson, how many times have you been married?"

"Once."

"Quite so." He hesitated and then decided to risk it. "I suggest that your wife left you?"

"Yes."

It was a long shot, but once again the bold course had paid. Rupert heaved a sigh of relief.

"Will you tell the gentlemen of the jury," he said with deadly politeness, "why she left you?"

"She died."

A lesser man might have been embarrassed, but Rupert's iron nerve did not fail him.

"Exactly!" he said. "And was that or was that not on the night when you were turned out of the Hampstead Parliament for intoxication?"

"I never was."

"Indeed? Will you cast your mind back to the night of April 24th, 1897? What were you doing on that night?"

"I have no idea," said Jobson, after casting his mind back and waiting in vain for some result.

"In that case you cannot swear that you were not being turned out of the Hampstead Parliament—"

"But I never belonged to it."

Rupert leaped at the damaging admission.

"What? You told the Court that you lived at Hampstead, and yet you say that you never belonged to the Hampstead Parliament? Is that your idea of patriotism?"

"I said I lived at Hackney."

"To the Hackney Parliament, I should say. I am suggesting that you were turned out of the Hackney Parliament for—"

"I don't belong to that either."

"Exactly!" said Rupert triumphantly. "Having been turned out for intoxication?"

"And never did belong."

"Indeed? May I take it then that you prefer to spend your evenings in the public-house?"

"If you want to know," said Jobson angrily, "I belong to the Hackney Chess Circle, and that takes up most of my evenings."

Rupert gave a sigh of satisfaction and turned to the jury.

"At last, gentlemen, we have got it. I thought we should arrive at the truth in the end, in spite of Mr. Jobson's prevarications." He turned to the witness. "Now, Sir," he said sternly, "you have already told the Court that you have no idea what you were doing on the night of April 24th, 1897. I put it to you once more that this blankness of memory is due to the fact that you were in a state of intoxication on the premises of the Hackney Chess Circle. Can you swear on your oath that this is not so?"

A murmur of admiration for the relentless way in which the truth had been tracked down ran through the court. Rupert drew himself up and put on both pairs of *pince-nez* at once.

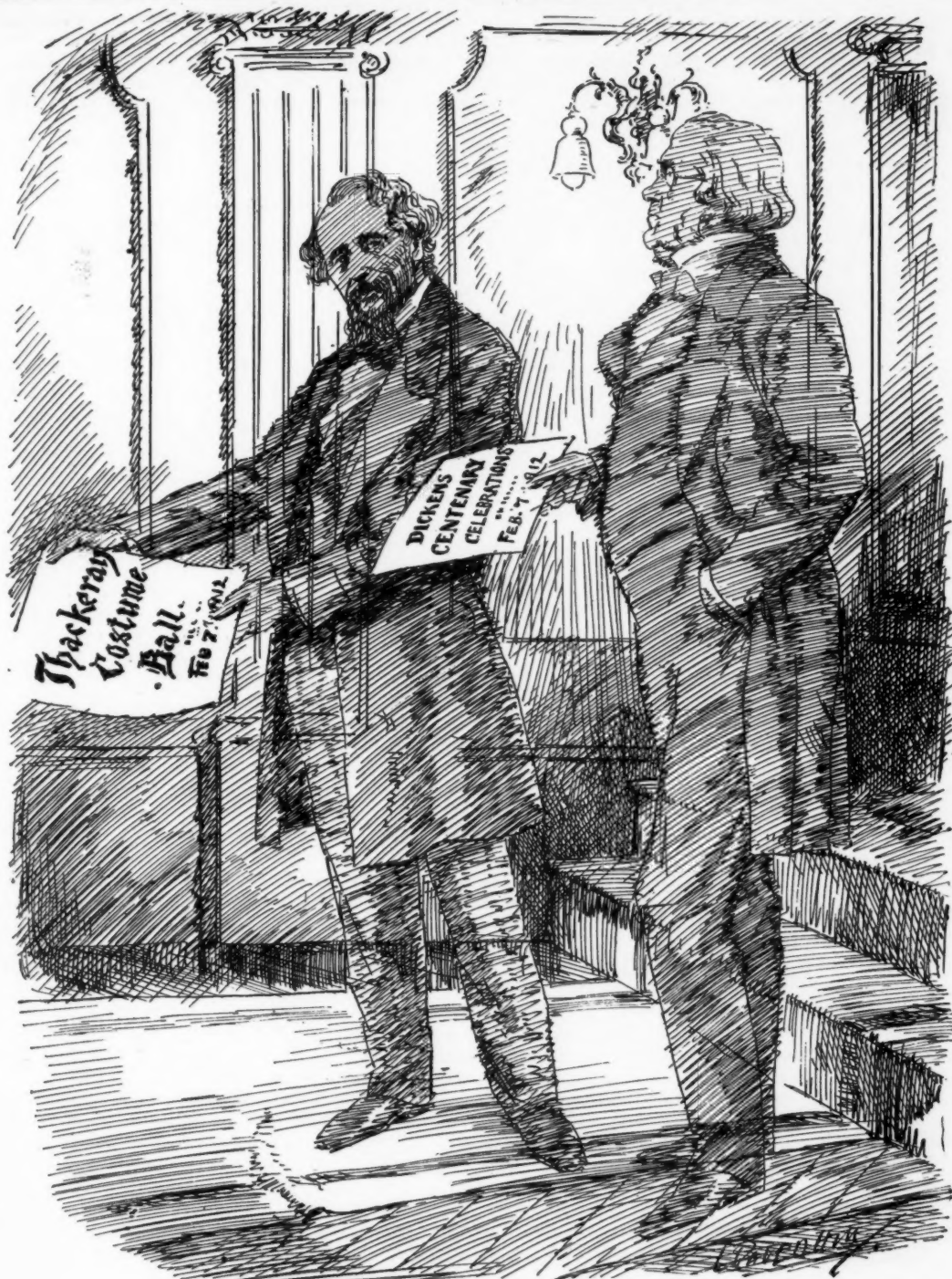
"Come, Sir!" he said, "the jury is waiting."

But it was not Albert Jobson who answered. It was the counsel for the prosecution. "My lord," he said, getting up slowly, "this has come as a complete surprise to me. In the circumstances I must advise my clients to withdraw from the case."

"A very proper decision," said his lordship. "The prisoner is discharged without a stain on her character."

\* \* \* \* \*

Briefs poured in upon Rupert next day, and he was engaged for all the big Chancery cases. Within a week his six plays were accepted, and within a fortnight he had entered Parliament as the miners' Member for Coalville. His marriage took place at the end of a month. The wedding presents were even more numerous and costly than usual, and included thirty-five yards of book muslin, ten pairs of gloves, a sponge, two gimlets, five jars of cold cream, a copy of the Clergy List, three hat guards, a mariner's compass, a box of drawing pins, an egg-breaker, six blouses, and a cabman's whistle. They were marked quite simply, "From a grateful friend." A. A. M.



### THE IMMORTALS.

SHADES OF DICKENS AND THACKERAY (to one another). "MANY CONGRATULATIONS! I SHALL BE WITH YOU IN SPIRIT."

[On February 7th, being the 100th anniversary of the birth of DICKENS, a ball is to be given in honour of THACKERAY.]



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## UNREST IN THE NEAR EAST.

"LOOK 'ERE, LIZA MULLINS, DID YOU SAY AS I'D COLLARED THE TANNER YOU LOST?"

"NOTHINK OF THE KIND! WOT I SAID WAS AS I'D 'AVE FOUND IT IF YOU 'ADN'T 'ELPED ME TO LOOK FOR IT."

## THE PEACOCK.

*A Journalistic Apologue.*

THE peacock is a gorgeous fowl,  
Far more resplendent than the owl,  
Who, gazing on the peacock's tail,  
With envy suddenly turns pale.

I also, when I see him stalk  
Along some stately terrace walk,  
Admire his iridescent hue  
And share the owl's point of view.

His radiant plumes my eyes rejoice,  
But, if he should uplift his voice,  
Scared by his vile falsetto squeals,  
I take instant to my heels.

Now there are human peacocks too,  
A highly decorative crew,  
Distinguished by their "mighty pens"  
From common barndoor cocks and hens.

And when the human peacock's shriek  
Is only heard but once a week  
The six days' rest that comes between  
Restores us to a mood serene.

But, when the bird elects to preach  
In his inflammatory screech  
Not merely on one day but seven,  
It makes a Hades of a Heaven.

His predecessors plied the pen  
Of gentlemen for gentlemen;  
Now other times bring other ways,  
And peacocks pontify to jays.

## ALPINE GAMES.

NEVER MIND THE WEATHER!!!

Winter Sport in Any Case!

Visit the EN TOUT CAS Hydropathic in  
the Bernese Oberland.

The Home of the Alternative!

Telegraphic address:  
"Substitute," Switzerland.

No more wasted days through rain  
and thaw!

Always something going on!

BOB-SLEIGHING ON WHEELS!

Colossal New Sensation. The Poetry  
of Motion. Rubber Tyres. Westing-  
house Brakes. Landaulette Body in  
case of rain.

ROLLER-SKATING IN THE BALL-  
ROOM!

UNDERGROUND CURLING!

The Bonspiel in the Basement.  
Rinks accelerated daily with Soap.

TRY OUR SPECIAL SKI-JUMP FROM  
THE SECOND STOREY!

Take off from Beeswaxed Balcony.  
No risk whatever. Enormous supply  
of *Real Sawdust*!

TOBOGANNING ON THE STAIRS!

Up by the Lift and down on a  
Tea-Tray!

Howls of Laughter!

Corners banked with mattresses!

No danger whatever!

ELECTRIC TIMING!

(The Winner of last year's Grand National  
at Davitz writes: "The Cresta is child's play  
to it. The last flight past the Boot Hall gave  
me the thrill of my life!")

NEVER MIND THE WEATHER!

Winter Sport in Spite of Everything.

The EN TOUT CAS Hydropathic!

"Dr. and Mrs. Wiggins came together, the  
latter in pink with brown marabout edgings  
and a camelion at the corsage."

Brighton and Hove Society.

The beauty of wearing one of these  
little fellows is that, unlike dormice,  
they fit in with practically any colour  
scheme.

## THE TWOPENNY PIERPONT MORGAN.

He met me at the door and led me through the living-room to a room behind the kitchen. "Here's the collection," he said. "This is where I 'house' it, as we say."

I looked round. Every inch of the wall was occupied either by a picture, or by shelves on which were hundreds of miscellaneous articles. Others were on tables or in drawers.

"It's like this," he said. "I've always been a bit of a kernoozer, as you call it, but I haven't had the means to gratify the taste. But when the children were grown up and out on their own and I got an unexpected rise of five bob a week, I said to the missis, I said, 'Now we'll turn that bath-room into a museum, and I'll show 'em what a poor man can do as well as a rich one.' I've been to South Kensington most Sundays ever since they let people in on the Day of Rest, and I know what a good collection is. I've seen the PIERPONT MORGAN things there's all the talk about and I've seen the SALTINGS, and I know what wealth can do."

"Now," he went on, "I'll show you what five bob a week can do. Here, for instance, what do you think of this?" and he held up a tiny coin. "The Lord's

Prayer on a threepenny-bit. That cost me a bob. Not very valuable, you say, now. Granted. But what about it in five hundred years' time, eh—when everyone's a natheist and there's no more threepennies? We collectors have to look at the future."

"Here's another thing—the very last copy of *The Echo*. That cost me a halfpenny, but it will be a treasure some day. Here's the first copy of *The Daily Mail*. Here's the last Lord Mayor's Show programme. Easily got, but not easily kept. That's the thing—preserving them. That's where one man differs from another."

"Here's a horse-bus ticket I got on the last day of the horse-bus from Piccadilly Circus to the Elephant. Here's a scrap of iron from Newgate prison. Whenever anything is being pulled down I get a relic and label it.

History, you see. It may be part of a bar which JACK SHEPPARD may have shaken. Here's a piece of a paving-stone from Christ's Hospital."

I drew his attention to the pictures.

"Plenty of pictures," he said.

"What's a collector without pictures? Look at the SALTINGS at the National Gallery. Mine are all from the portfolios outside the print shops. Every one by hand. Here's a wonderful bit of black-and-white—a drawing for *Funny Scraplings*, I should guess, full of humour and character. Look at the way he's drawn that drunken man. And signed too: 'Wal Smithers.' They're all signed. This one, a friend



Navy. "YUS, DOCTOR, I STILL GOT THAT AWFUL PAIN!"

Doctor. "DOES IT HURT YOU MUCH?"

Navy. "YUS; IT GIVES A AWFUL TWINCE EVERY TIME I TWIST."

Doctor. "BUT YOU MUSN'T TWIST." Navy. "I DON'T!"

of mine holds, is a PHIL MAY. What do you think?"

I said I was no judge.

"No," he said, "it's a gift, judging is. Some people haven't any kind of instinct, and others are chock-full of it. It's like a sixth sense, I always say."

I asked him what the books were on the shelves.

"All unique," he said. "Every one. All presentation copies. I don't buy any others. I hunt in the penny and two-penny boxes for them. Poetry chiefly, all signed by the poets. That's the real value. Here, for instance, 'With best wishes from Eliza Pollard.' That's written on the fly-leaf. Then you turn on and find the title-page: 'Pious Musings, by Eliza Pollard.' That makes it interesting. The poet's own hand. Sometimes one gets a double event, like this: 'To William

Towle, Esq., with the kind regards of Henry Tuck.' A pamphlet on Free Trade. Now here you get Henry Tuck's autograph and at the same time something that once belonged to Mr. Towle, the great Midland Railway manager."

"I have some valuable autographs too," he said. "They're easily got. You just write a polite admiring letter and enclose a stamped envelope. Twopence only. These drawers are all full, and all classified. *Divines*: Rev. J. CAMPBELL, Dean INGE, and so forth; *Statesmen*: WILL THORNE and HENRIKER HEATON; *Cricketers*: JOE VINE, ALBERT TROTT; *Scientists*:

EUSTACE MILES, MR. SANDOW, and so on; and hundreds of these, and only two-pence each."

"Then I've a large collection of picture-postcard portraits signed. They cost threepence—a penny for the card, a penny for the letter of request, and a penny for the stamped envelope; but it's value! Actors and actresses chiefly, but a few athletes. The most popular people, too. Here, I pick them at random: PHYLLIS DARE, right away; MARIE STUDHOLME; GEORGE GRAVES. That'll be something for my widow and children, won't it?"

"But haven't you anything beautiful?" I asked. "Is it all merely curious?"

"Well, I think historical interest and uniqueness come first," he said; "but I have a few fine things. Chiefly pottery. Look at those ginger jars. Rich oriental blue, if you like. There's a nice row of mugs, all marked 'A present from—' somewhere. For lovely coloured-glass effects you won't beat these marbles in a hurry. Beauty—plenty of it!"

His wife joined us at this moment.

"I'm just showing this gentleman my things," he said.

"Oh, that rubbish," said she.

"Idzumitani, ex-champion of Waseda, is making the 100 yard dash in one or two seconds less than the world's record."—*Japan Times*.

That's very nice of him. When he has finished with the sprint he might put a foot or two on to the high jump record.

### A MATTER OF BLAZONRY.

WHILST moodily contemplating the walls of my new office and brooding upon the dearth of clients, I conceived the idea of putting up the shields of my University and my College.

Their presence would suggest an air of unremitting application to toil and honour. No thinking beholder, I reflected, could gaze on those triumphs of the heraldic painter's art without being seized with an instant resolve to throw his legal affairs unreservedly into my hands and leave them there indefinitely.

It was within the scope of a trifling outlay to inspire these just and noble sentiments. I took up my hat and went out.

"In the first place," I said to the young woman in the Fancy Goods department, "I want gules, on a cross ermine, between four lions passant guardant, or, a Bible lying fessways of the field, clasped and garnished of the third, the clasps in base. I might mention," I added, observing an uneasy look upon her face, "that though they are really lions they don't look like it except for their manes and long wavy tails."

She appeared relieved.

"Yes, Sir—if you'll kindly step into the next department."

In stepping there I must have lost my way. I was just moving off in despair to a neighbouring glass to compile an accurate description for the Lost Property Office, when a relief party organised itself at my elbow.

"I beg your pardon," I inquired of her with bitter irony, "but do you happen to have a map about you?"

"Maps, Sir? - Yes, Sir, fourth floor, third department on the right."

There you are; that shows how miserably I am misunderstood.

I wandered about a bit until I waylaid another young person, to whom I formulated my wishes. She behaved splendidly. I expect one of her ancestors had been something in the lion-taming line. We traversed many departments, chatting pleasantly during the journey. After twenty minutes or so we arrived at some kind of a destination.

"Miss Jenkins, forward!" called my fellow-traveller.

Looking dispassionately at Miss Jenkins, I shouldn't have thought it of her, but it was none of my business, and I proceeded to acquaint her with the nature of my requirements.

"Yes, Sir. Four, I think you said. Will you step this way?"

I set my teeth, turned up my coat collar and stepped forth, resolutely



Aunt Martha. "AND WHAT'S ALL THIS ONE HEARS ABOUT THE Y.M.C.C.? DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THEY WERE ALL IN AUSTRALIA?"

keeping close behind her. We threaded our way through a kind of primeval jungle, when she suddenly stopped. "This," she said, "is our new Numidian man-eater."

I found myself confronted with a yellow monster of singular personality. He appeared to be endowed with mechanism permitting internal accommodation for children up to ten years of age.

I was about to point out that I was looking for something on a slightly smaller scale when she beckoned to a small boy seated on the back of a crocodile.

"He will show you how it works," she explained.

With an alacrity born of practice he disappeared head foremost into the monster's interior, whereupon its eyes began to roll and its tail to wave in a manner indicative of repletion.

"I hope he will be able to find his way out again," I said anxiously.

I was relieved to see him deposited on the floor through a trap-door in the monster's belly and return apparently undigested to his erceodile.

The lady took up her order-book.

"Where shall I send them to?" she inquired, looking up at me.

Little did she know the man she had to deal with. I should be the last on earth to be bounced into that sort of thing by a mere girl.

"I find after all I shall only require one of them," I replied firmly, "and if you send any more I shall be obliged to refuse delivery."

\* \* \* \* \*

If you should happen to call and find the Numidian in a state of eruption, please accept this (the only) intimation that the office boy is probably inside. I thought I ought to tell you.



## THE WITCH-PLANT.

*(Thoughts on trying a certain cigar.)*

Thou dreadful weed, Corona y Dolores,  
 Thou weed from whom all sins and sorrows bud,  
 Thou weed that makst me wonder where the door is,  
 Thou weed that I should trample in the mud,  
 Only I want thee—twisted by the Furies  
 And sealed with blood.

I shall not smoke thee longer, but, by Pluto,  
 I have some work for thee, strange herb, at whom  
 All lips are pursed with horror to a mute "Oh!"  
 All nostrils sickened—I shall re-illumine  
 (Banging it out just now against my boot-toe)  
 Thy baleful bloom.

Deep in some hollow was the poison-thicket  
 That reared thy spotted leaf in alien climes;  
 The vulture flew above and could not stick it,  
 But croaked repentant of his various crimes;  
 Yes, I shall keep thee—thou art just the ticket  
 For certain times:

Times when in some small restaurant I dally  
 Over the Munich beer, and bid the cloud  
 Of fragrant incense from my pipe-bowl sally,  
 And some dashed waiter hurries through the crowd  
 To say that pipes (good ghost of WALTER RALEIGH!)  
 Are not allowed.

Then I shall take thee forth and light thee slowly,  
 And stir the puissance of thy sleeping heart,  
 Thou stronger much than wolf's-bane or than moly,  
 Thou deadlier than nightshade; then shall start  
 One good green whiff, and they shall learn the holy  
 Horror thou art.

And straightway in that Stygian wave's immersion  
 There shall be cries of women dolorous,  
 And going to and fro and loud excursion,  
 And pouring forth of prayers and fearful fuss  
 (Very much like the Covent Garden version  
 Of *Edipus*);

And crawling to me now, no more indignant,  
 The manager shall say, "Our sins are ripe;  
 We never dreamed of odours so malignant;  
 Release us, gentle stranger, from their gripe;  
 Descendant of the BORGAS, be benignant  
 And smoke your pipe." EVON

## AUTHER AND ALFRED.

At half-past five a stillness so perfect as to be startling brooded over the library. At this hour it is not unusual for three girls (to say nothing of a boy) to be let loose on the world, which means that they gravitate irresistibly to the library and to me. To-day, however, they were elsewhere, and the consequent peace was so inviting and pleasant that the sordid idea of devoting it to purposes of work was excluded. An armchair before the fire, an easy book—that, obviously, was the way to use this heaven-sent opportunity. I sank luxuriously into the one and took up the other, and made the situation complete with a cigarette.

At this moment there came a sound of plump and slippers little feet advancing cautiously along the passage; the door,

after a preliminary struggle with the handle, was gently opened, and John's curly head peeped round it.

"Halloa!" said I.

"I'm a messenger," said he.

"Oh, you're a messenger, are you? What's your message?"

"To cut this pencil. Peggy broke it."

I began to cut it and continued the conversation.

"Whose messenger are you?"

"The girls' messenger. They're writin'."

"What's Helen writing?"

"A diry."

"What's Rosie writing?"

"Poetry."

"And what's Peggy writing?"

"A theeter."

"Oho," said I, "literature and the drama. That's what's keeping them away, is it? But don't you let them order you about too much. We must stand together, you know, we men."

"I'm not 'we men' to-day," said John, thus indicating that our alliance was at an end. "I'm the girls' messenger," and, the pencil being now duly cut and pointed, he departed on his tip-toes noiselessly and with great deliberation, having evidently persuaded himself that mystery was the chief characteristic of the perfect messenger.

There was another half-hour of quiet, and then with a rush the whole party of blue-stockings, headed by their excited Mercury, burst in upon me.

"Helen," I said, "is your diary finished?"

"Yes, every word of it; but you mustn't read it, because diaries are secret."

"Then," said I, "Rosie will show me her poetry. Poetry's meant to be read."

But Rosie excused herself. Her metre, she said, had bothered her; some of the lines had got too long, and others seemed to be too short. Besides, there were one or two rhymes that she must think over again. In the meantime the poem must also be treated as secret.

"But," she added, "Peggy's finished her play, and we all want you to read it. We're going to act it in the nursery to-morrow."

Thereupon Peggy, with all the nonchalance of a hardened dramatist, pressed a sheet of foolscap into my hands and retired to the sofa. The rest grouped themselves about her; and this is what I read to the gathering. I merely premise that in transcribing I have separated the speeches, and that the brackets and the italics are not Peggy's but mine:—

AUTHER AND ALFRED.

Cean 1.

## THE UNTRUTH.

*Julet (handing Auther a sword).* Here take this Auther and remember me.

*Auther (putting his arm round her).* Ar maiden I would not forget the.

*[Auther goes out of the room and Juleet hides her face in her hands and cries Alfred comes in leaving an army outside the door.]*

*Alfred.* Tell me wer Auther has gon.

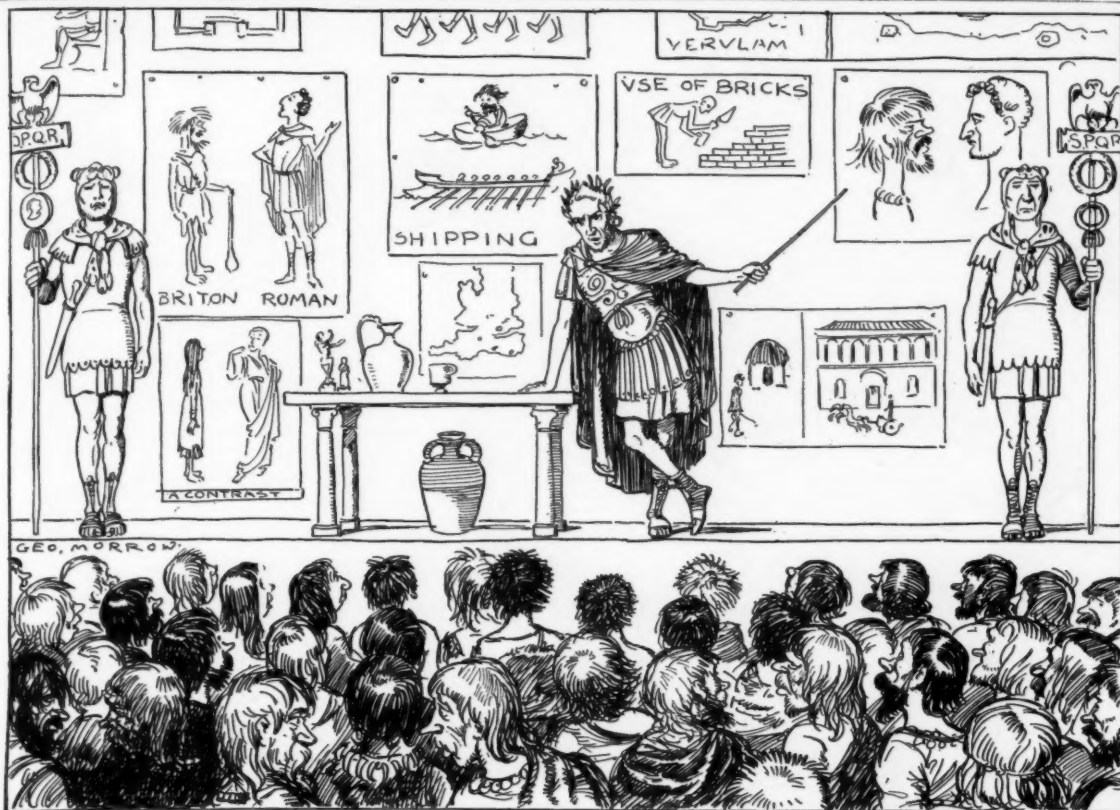
*Julet.* No I shall not.

*Alfred.* If you do not tell ile kill you.

*Julet (telling the untruth).* Oh—he has gon by the — high road.

*[Alfred goes out of the room and he and his men march on.]*

*Julet.* Ha ha ha ive got him this time he wont find him becaus he isent going that way.



## MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

AGRICOLA LECTURING THE ANCIENT BRITONS ON THE ADVANTAGES OF ROMAN CIVILISATION.

## Cean 2.

## ALFRED'S DEATH.

[Alfred comes in very quirtly his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Alfred. If I kill Auther the peple of England will make me king.

[When he turns round he sees Auther runing towards him sword in hand they wave their hats in the air and then begin to fight.

Alfred. Ile kill him this time.

Auther. Oh will you.

Alfred. Ah I nealy got you that time ou ou ou.

[Auther puts his sword thru Alfreds body and he falls down half dead once more he trys to rais himself and kill Auther but once more Auther runs his sword thru him.

## Cean 3.

## HOME AGAIN.

Julet (supriesed). Why are you back so quick.

Auther. Ar I thought better of it and I don't like France much.

Julet. Have you had any Adventures or figts.

Auther. Yes ive kild sombody.

Julet. Oh who do tell me.

Auther (slowly). It is—Alfred.

Julet (flinging herself into Auther's arms). Oh Auther I'm so glad now we ar save.

Auther. We ar we ar WE AR.

## The Curten Coms Down.

The first performance is fixed for to-morrow at 5.45. There are still a few stalls left. Will you come?

## GET AWAY ON.

Twinkling sterns among the gorse—

(Oh! he's there all right. They saw him go in this morning!)

Eager rider, fretting horse—

Down at the corner a red coat has shone.

"Ger away on to him! Gar'r'r away on!"

What a rush to snatch a start!

(Go on, Sir, go on! After you! Hurry up!)

Pick your panel and steel your heart!

Plenty of room for us all anon.

"Ger away on to him! Gar'r'r away on!"

See 'em pour across the wall!

(Steady, now, steady! Oh, please give 'em a chance!)

Look! A sheet would cover 'em all!

Hark! The glad horn that tells he is gone!

"Ger away on to him! Gar'r'r away on!"

See 'em wheel like driven birds!

(Gently, there, gently I say! Now ride and be hanged!)

Music! and no need for words!

Catch up his head on the grass and begone!

"Ger away on to him! Gar'r'r away on!"



*Enthusiastic Youth (seeing hounds directed by a rabbit). "GRAND DOGS! BEST I'VE EVER SEEN! THEY'D HUNT ANYTHING!"*

#### EVIDENCE.

My friend Kerslake has a case in King's Bench, Court C.I., to-morrow, and he thinks he will probably win. What is more, he will tell you why.

"It is all about selling rubber plantations," he said to me, "and, as you might expect, there is not too much honesty on either side. My man is the defendant and a knave, but, the plaintiff is a worse knave, so my man ought to pull it off. It is really for the judge and jury to make up their minds, between them, which is the better of a bad two. My man has, at any rate, been actually caught stealing rubber off one of the plantations he had sold. Therefore, I think he ought to get home all right."

"Oh, indeed!" I said non-committally, for I did not quite appreciate the "therefore." But Kerslake explained.

"It shows," he said, in his forensic manner, "that my man did anyhow sell one plantation with some rubber on it."

"The report [of the Indian Nursing Association] includes a portrait of Lady Hardinge, prepared by the Survey Department."—*Pioneer*. One likes to see even these little things done on a Viceregal scale.

#### TO A BATHING MACHINE.

Oh desolate abode and damp,  
In frigid isolation pining!  
Round whom impatient crowds would camp

When hot September suns were shining;  
How scant the gratitude they show!  
They think of you almost with loathing.

In whom a few brief months ago  
They put their trust and all their clothing.

You may not charm the artistic eye  
(Perhaps with tears of shame you dim it),

But I am not of those who cry:—  
"That beastly thing's about the limit!"

Why scoff at one whose pedigree  
To earth's remotest epoch reaches,  
Whose changeless form must ever be  
Indigenous to British beaches?

Though others viewed with discontent

The simple shelter you afforded,  
I never grudged your modest rent  
Nor deemed my patience unrewarded;

Though you were bleak and bare inside  
How could I find your gloom depressing,

When minstrels with each other vied  
To cheer the tedium of dressing?

'Twas then the nigger week by week  
Would gaily trip the 'light fantastic,'  
The Teuton bandsman's florid cheek  
Stretched, as he blew, like strong elastic;

And from your port-hole I could spy  
Such sights in half-a-dozen places,  
The while I wrestled with my tie  
Or got the better of my braces.

And shall I thoughtlessly forget  
Those happy hours we spent together,

Or be unmindful of the debt  
Of other days and other weather?  
Ah no! though all should heartless seem,

One voice at least a protest raises,  
And, thankful for the humblest theme,  
This minor poet pens your praises.

"The Cock Tavern awakens an old memory. Here Tennyson frequently dined and was served by the waiter that inspired that poem of his 'O pump-head waited at the Cock.'"

*West Australian.*

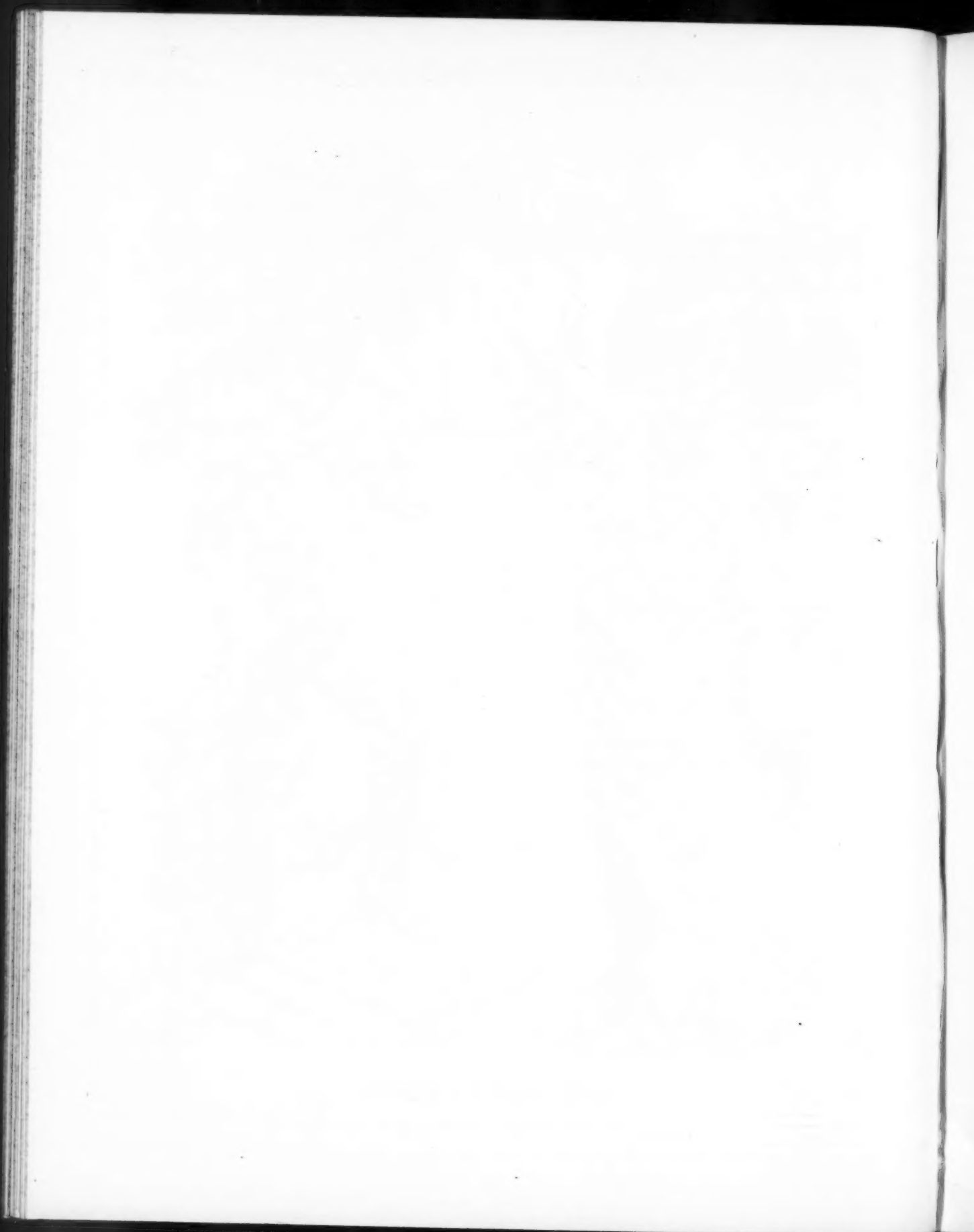
Why was he called "pump-head"?





### THE HOME-COMING.

BRITANNIA. "IO TRIUMPHE! CONQUEROR OF HEARTS!"





### THE "PUPPY HUG," THE "PARISH PUMP" AND "CRABBING THE CRAB."

Can anyone explain how it is that ordinarily inoffensive young Englishmen, when they dance, suddenly develop the spasmodic automatism of the coloured Coon combined with the suppressed fury of the Paris Apache?

How much longer, may we ask, are our daughters and sisters to be trundled about like wardrobes, their arms worked incessantly like the parish pump, made to slide about sideways like ungainly crustaceans, and submitted to "*Bunny Hugs*" and other exotic abominations, which make them look as supremely foolish and vulgar as they can be made to look? (We hesitate to ask why girls permit it, lest the terrible answer should come that they like it. That we refuse to listen to.) If it *must* continue, for goodness' sake don't let us call it dancing; let's have Isolation Camps for them, and be done with it.

### THE SLEUTH STALK.

THE Sleuth Stalk is a dance, or rather a terpsichorean gymnastic.

I am the Sleuth Stalker.

I am the Pet of the Ball-room.

"Pet," I said; not "Pest."

I am something later than the Boston, the Half-time Boston, the Dot-and-Carry-One Boston, the Bogie Walk, the Turkey Trot, the Chicken Crawl, the Milwaukee Move-Along-Please and the Monkey Scramble.

When I enter the dancing-room, all the ladies' eyes turn on me. Blue eyes, grey eyes, brown eyes, wicked black eyes and heather mixture eyes, all look to me appealingly. I do not ask the pleasure of a dance. I confer the honour of a Sleuth Stalk.

I am It.

When I dance, my back bends, my arms protrude, my eyes glaze and my cheek, rubbing against that of my partner, produces a sound as of sand-paper. Sometimes my feet are in a hurry, sometimes they are uncompromisingly still. I do not look where I am going because I do not know. I do not merely disregard the time and

the beat of the music; I openly defy them. My dancing is audacious, unorthodox, ineffable and wholly unscrupulous. And so it succeeds. It is strange, grotesque, weird, terrific, awe-inspiring and monstrous.

But it is not new.

They all think it is new, but it is not. I have been dancing it for years and years and years, unnoticed or, if noticed, avoided. It was only when I called it the Sleuth Stalk, to give it an air of novelty, that it caught on. To achieve in the ball-room of to-day, your performance must not only be hideous, it must also be novel. I have achieved, not by novelty but by an undetected revival.

Do you remember an old, old dance called the Valse?

No?

Do you remember an old, old dance called the Waltz?

No? Think again. Yes? It all comes back to you from the dim, forgotten, dully respectable past.

You remember the Waltz, but you do not remember *my* Waltz. If you were ever unlucky enough to get in the same room as it, you tried to keep

away from it. If, in spite of your efforts, you got mixed up with it, you insisted on forgetting it as soon as you could. It was the best I could do, but it was neither successful nor popular.

My Waltz was a bad Waltz. I was credibly informed that it was a very bad Waltz.

But it is a startling success as a Sleuth Stalk.

### Commercial Candour.

"You will find the shop with a stock that will surprise you. It has been there since 1827."

Add. in "*Watford Observer*."

The clearance sale will really be a genuine affair this time.

### Another American Insult.

"The lecturer assigned for the course is Prof. Ian C. Hannah, M.A., of Cambridge University. In every respect he is a true Englishman, especially in manner and accent, but his brain is full of knowledge of the subjects he has selected to talk on."—*Doylestown Intelligence*.

"Despite several gowling hanges the luncheon interval was reached without further loss."

*The Evening News*.

The wild beasts of the Bush are always a source of danger to cricketers in Australia.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE PIGEON."

UP to the end of the Second Act I couldn't tell whether it was more the fault of the actors or of the author that I was enjoying myself so immensely. But in the Third Act there was no question about the chief responsibility; for the actors kept going on as well as ever, yet the play came rather tamely to an end that was no conclusion, since it left things pretty much as they were at the start. With the memory of Mr. GALSWORTHY's *Justice* still weighing heavily upon us we had sat there through two delightful scenes incredulously happy over our luck in finding him in a mood of gaiety; touched, it is true, with pathos, but still gaiety. We had seen that charitable artist, *Wellwyn*, the *Pigeon* of the soft and downy breast, being plucked to heart's content (his and theirs alike) by three ne'er-do-weels—a drunken cabman, a flower-girl of no repute, and a fascinating alien vagabond with leanings to philosophy. (The unusual arrangement—very embarrassing for sitting models—by which the large studio window, bare of blinds, gave to the passer-by an unchecked vision of the interior, was, of course, a constant encouragement to these intrusions.) But as we watched their easy manoeuvres we kept wondering, from moment to moment, how soon we should have to pay for our fun by a serious homily on the evils of indiscriminate charity. When in the Second Act Mr. GALSWORTHY brought together a Professor of Economics and a Justice of the Peace, known to have violently antagonistic views on social problems, we clenched our teeth grimly to face the terrors of a full-dress debate on the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission; and when they were posted into a side room (off), and the play went on without them, we could hardly believe our good fortune.

But we were not to escape in the end; and the Third Act realised our worst fears. Curiously enough the threatened diatribe against our present social system was put into the mouth of the most light-hearted impostor of them all—the alien vagabond. Delivered with a foreign accent and incredible swiftness (for Mr. DENNIS EADIE was just as anxious as we were to get it over), it left me a little bewildered. But I vaguely gathered that the machinery of our reformatory institutions was lacking in the human element; that it attempted to coop wild creatures in a common cage, and generally made no allowance for the personal idiosyncracies of the individual.

But since the whole play had been an illustration of the other method, and the *Pigeon's* milk of human kindness, a beverage freely imbibed by this eloquent vagabond, had been proved to contain no sort of recuperative qualities, it was clear that the problem, as usual with Mr. GALSWORTHY, was left without solution. Certainly the epithet "hopeless," so freely conferred upon the *Pigeon* by his commonsense daughter, and obviously applicable also to his protégés, seemed to serve equally well for Mr. GALSWORTHY's own outlook. Indeed, if his seriousness had not been already firmly established, we might have judged him, from the humour of this play, to be just a gentle-hearted



THE TROUSERS OF ALTRUISM;  
or, The Charity that began at home-spuns.

*Ferrand* ... .. Mr. DENNIS EADIE.  
*Wellwyn* ... .. Mr. WHITFORD KANE.

cynic. The most irresponsible satirist of human nature could hardly have tickled us more effectively than Mr. GALSWORTHY does with his portrait of the irredeemable cabman, or given a more piquant turn to a familiar phrase than that which came so glibly from the vagabond's lips when, after telling how the flower-girl had adopted the life "of joy," he goes on to say that in the house where they had tried to reform her by placing her in domestic service she had "got the footman into trouble."

It would be difficult to praise too highly the remarkable performances of the whole cast. The most difficult parts fell to Mr. EADIE and Miss MARGARET MORRIS. As the French vagabond the former was extraordinarily subtle in his suggestions both of race and temperament. The latter, as the flower-girl, a picture of sombre stolidity

relieved from time to time by a slow smile of sinister intelligence or a sudden burst of passion, gave a fearless interpretation of a character whose brooding savagery was presented by the author with an unsparing fidelity.

A *Constant Lover* made a most attractive curtain-raiser, in which Mr. EADIE and Miss GLADYS COOPER played with a very natural ease. It contained several happy phrases that fell nicely into their right places—in particular, a definition of genius as an "infinite capacity for making other people take pains." Many of those who listened to this pleasant flow of dialogue must have reflected sadly how good a friend the theatre has lost by the too-early fate of ST. JOHN HANKIN. O. S.

## THE DIARY OF A TWIN SOUL.

"M.P.K." and I have a very great deal in common. I believe we are twin souls, which is a very beautiful and comforting thought. I have never met "M.P.K." and there is no earthly reason to suppose I ever shall; but I have found his diary for last year, and, as I have said, he and I have a very great deal in common. I am going to think of him as Monty—dear old Monty, my twin soul.

The place in which I found dear old Monty's diary proved at the outset the affinity between us. I caught sight of it on the top of a pillar at the end of some railings (shoved back where the beginning of a wall made a little recess) as I was getting off a motor-bus, and I went over and reached up and got it. (Monty and I are about the same height.) A funny place to put a diary, you will say. True. But it proved that dear old Monty, like me, had suffered the difficulty of getting rid of diaries. Monty had been through it, so to speak. Monty had wrestled with the problem year after year. Monty had realised that nobody wants an old diary, spotless though it be; that you cannot sell an old diary to the man who swindles you over your review copies of new books; and it is a pleasant feature of our character (Monty's and mine) that we cannot bring ourselves to burn a diary.

Personally, I have given up the problem. I keep my diaries. I have got a complete, unbroken set dating from 1887. One of these days I dare say they will be quite valuable—they will be advertised as "almost new," "each copy autographed by the author." Monty, however, is not such a keen book-collector as I am. At the close of every year my dear old chum creeps out at night and gets rid of his old diary as he and I do good—by stealth.

It is a glorious thing to discover a twin soul quite unexpectedly. From that starting-point of finding that Monty had infinite pains in settling what to do with his old diary—thence onwards, as I turned the pages, I think I have never had a more moving experience.

It might have been my own book, so exactly does Monty's character run with mine. All the early pages, the absorbing pages before you come to the diary proper, the Preamble to the Bill, were filled in with the scrupulous care and attention to detail that bespeak a great mind firmly taking over the responsibilities of a new duty. Watch No.—, Stores ticket No.—, Season ticket No.—, they were all there. Weight, height, size in gloves, collar, hat—not an item was left blank. Bills to be paid—I really don't think Monty could have omitted a single one. I hope not, for Monty's sake.

I tell you I was positively trembling in an ecstasy of friendship at its highest level as I finished these exquisitely compiled catalogues and turned to "Jan. 1."

"Jan. 1. Dull, but fairer about lunch-time, and then rainy again. Cold evening with some fog. Arose 7.59½. This year I am not going to put down any wild and stupid protestations of my determinations to keep a diary. I think I have done with that kind of thing. I think I realise at last my own shortcomings. No, quite simply I here state my resolve to keep a daily check, however trifling, on my life throughout the year. I shall try my best to make the record a full one; but I am not going to aim too high. I do not wish, at the close of the year, to be mocked by any great resolutions that I have written here. No, just a brief note each day is all I shall aim at—*Nulla dies sine linea*. Of to-day's doings I shall say nothing. I have made a good start, that is all. This, the first entry, shall be solely devoted to the little hope and resolve it bears. Midnight is striking; when next I spring out of bed my first action will be to record that I was up at 6.45."

I must confess that for a moment I had doubts of Monty as I finished that. It was just what I had written yearly since 1887; but it had a quiet depth of confidence and determination that was a little quieter and a little deeper than anything I had reached. The unmanly thought arose that I had made a mistake in Monty—that he was going to pull it off—that we were not twin souls after all.

Forgive me, Monty, dear old man!

So far as the diary had anything to



Head of the firm (entering, to former partner who has dropped in for a chat). "I'VE JUST SACKED THE OFFICE-BOY. I DON'T KNOW IF HE'LL GO, THOUGH."

say about it, Monty did not appear to spring out of bed until June 23rd. No mark, no blemish appears on the pages between Jan. 1st and that date; and further, far from springing out of bed, he then appears to be just getting in again. The entry reads with the faint scratchiness that belongs to nothing on earth but a ball-room programme pencil, and reads:—

"A topping, topping dance. Eleven with A. She wouldn't have let me keep her glove if she didn't. Good night!"

The inexperienced diarist would have paused here in shame to go on. Honour would have prevented his probing further into the romance that burst into those pages on June 23rd. I knew Monty better. Passages very similar are to be found in my own diaries of '88, '90, '92-3-4 and 1900. They are invariably followed, moreover, by what I looked with confidence to find on June 24th—and found.

"Met A at lunch at the D's. I have been wasting my life up to now. But a new object has come into it. We had

a long talk about self-discipline. She thinks, as I have long thought, that smoking is an enervating vice. I am going to chuck it from to-night. We spoke about the assistance to self-discipline of writing down in your diary the conquests over self that one has made. I shall do so henceforth. I am going to turn over a new leaf."

Dear old Monty did better than that. He turned over about 150 and left them all new and unstained. The next, and last, record is a note scrawled on Dec. 20th.

"Harem cigarettes—930 New Bond Street, 9s. 100."

Monty and I are twin souls.

#### The Insurance Bi'l.

It is rumoured that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's "rare and refreshing fruit" is only Limejuice after all.

"At half-past five by arrangement Vine played free and stylish cricket."

*Ireland's Saturday Night.*

A rash thing to guarantee.

## DACTYLOMANIA.

METHOUGHT on the uttermost verges  
Of earth and the infinite brine  
I stood, and gave ear to the dirges  
That make desolation divine—  
The voice of the wind in its anguish,  
The voice of the ocean at play,  
And the voices of Sirens who languish  
For lack of their prey.

Sleek Harpies, who joust with Jason,  
In multitudes hurried along,  
Still booming in soft diapason  
Their old Arimasian song;  
While hippogriffs, hotly careering  
Athwart the enamelled abyss,  
Slid over the azimuth, searing  
My heart with their hiss.

And out of the welter advancing  
I saw the great heroes of eld,  
Proconsuls renowned for their prancing  
And tyrants for heads that were  
swelled;

And SAPHO was smiling at CATO,  
Who didn't approve of her dress;  
And RALEIGH had peeled a potato  
To pleasure QUEEN BESS.

O melodies fitful and plangent,  
O mysteries ancient and rare,  
O souls that exhale at a tangent  
Dim wafts of Elysian air!  
Why is it that mortals, unheeding  
The rampart that Reason hath set,  
Contend, with importunate pleading,  
In runes of regret?

Time dulls the gay tints of to-morrow,  
Time turns the bright falchion to rust,  
And 'tis madness to palter with sorrow  
When joy can be bought for a crust;  
For Care can resistlessly clamber  
To peaks that are hoary and high,  
And flies that are prisoned in amber  
Must finally die.

Why cannot the amaranth wither?  
The seraphs their splendour refuse?  
Why must I unfailingly blither  
Whenever this metre I use?  
For to sense I shall never get back till  
I find in the trochee my cure,  
And the lilt of the tittuping dactyl  
For ever abjure.

## MAKING HAY BY MOONSHINE.

THE previous day I had taken stock  
of my age. I manfully faced the facts,  
which were as follows. In nine years'  
time I should be exactly the same age  
as Joseph Williams! Was it possible?  
But there was worse. In five years  
only (and what was five years?)  
I should be as old as Williams was  
*scarcely four years ago!* Worse still,  
*in barely two years* I should actually  
be as old as Williams had been about  
seven years before! It was horrible.

I could scarcely credit it. I discarded  
Williams and worked out how long it  
would take me to reach seventy-three,  
which, for some reason that I do not  
understand, always seems to me a  
particularly difficult age to face. When  
I made the same calculation for  
Williams, however, I was somewhat  
inspired, and I composed myself by  
recalling that OLIVER CROMWELL was  
forty before he was ever heard of, and  
that Lord ROBERTS took up the South  
African command in his seventieth  
year.

Thus fortified, I had forgotten all  
about my birthday by the next morning  
when I opened my Aunt Angela's  
letter and the money-order fell out on  
the floor and frightened me. The last  
commission from my aunt had been to  
choose prizes for the Village Coronation  
Sports. On this occasion, however,  
it was only a present.

"Well," said my wife promptly,  
"there is no excuse for not having  
your hair cut *now*."

This remark was most unjust. The  
facts were that I was going to have my  
hair cut five days before, but Valerie  
herself rang me up just as I was leaving  
the office and put it out of my head.  
I now explained this in detail.

My position was embarrassing. With  
the intention of securing to me a happy  
anniversary my aunt had fastened on  
me an obligation to solve the following  
problem:—I had to buy myself some-  
thing I really wanted which was to  
cost exactly two sovereigns, and which  
I should not in the ordinary course  
allow myself. I don't say the task  
was impossible, I merely say that after  
contemplating it for half a minute I  
gave up the problem. I put the money-  
order into my pocket-book and went  
about my affairs with a sense of exalted  
affluence—a vague impression of having  
more money than I knew how to spend.

That money-order became a talisman.  
I was the owner of the inexhaustible  
purse; the hero of the miraculous dibs.  
I was released from all predicaments  
of economy. I spent those wretched  
coins three times a week for months;  
it became a habit. First, they sprang  
a new stair-carpet on us. I do not  
say that I regret that stair-carpet, but  
I do regret the pedigree Airedale pup  
which yielded to the same charm the  
very next day, for I understand that it  
was due to his special purity of race  
that he died soon afterwards. And  
I cannot to this day imagine what  
persuaded me to take an interest in big-  
game trophies. It was, of course, an  
extraordinary bargain, but I had no  
idea, until I got it into the cab, that  
the head of a hippopotamus is such  
an enormous size, or that it would

so terrify the children. I have proved  
since, what I did not know then, that  
the principle of trying to wipe out the  
memory of a *faux pas* in the auction-  
room by other enterprises in the same  
field of action is a wrong one. Know-  
ledge of this kind is only attained by  
actual experience, but I may remark  
that it is most undesirable that the  
acquisition of such experience should  
be matter for emulation in a household.  
On the contrary, it should be confined  
strictly to the head of the family. I  
had to speak to this effect quite clearly  
to Valerie on the subject of the antique  
copper warming-pans. Even when  
used in a scheme of decoration with  
ribbons on them and their bows changed  
once a month, it is easy to have too  
many warming-pans in a small house.

However, this matter of the warming-  
pans rescued me, for it gave me an  
idea, and I began to search my pocket-  
book. I spread the contents out upon  
the table and sorted them through.

"That's all right," I said.

"What's all right?" Valerie asked.

"Aunt Angela's money-order. I've  
lost it."

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

[It has been pointed out in the daily Press  
that, whereas painters as a rule reach a ripe old  
age, music usually brings an early death to its  
devotees.]

PAINTER who serenely painted

Just outside this door of mine,  
Till the atmosphere was tainted  
With the stench of turpentine,  
Little dreamed you of the venomed  
Thoughts arising in my chest,  
As you whistled, sang and then hummed  
"All the latest and the best."

Little dreamed you your melodious  
Perseverance oftentimes  
Proved particularly odious  
To a bard in search of rhymes,  
Till his ultimate intention  
Was to merit murder's dues—  
Ancient Bailey, swift suspension  
And his portrait in the *News*.

For I felt your paint portended  
You would live three score and ten  
Ere at last your music ended,  
And I could not wait till then;  
So I seized a handy hatchet  
And prepared your noise to check;  
You, in short, were going to catch it  
Violently in the neck,—

When the sudden recollection,  
"Music's hold on life is faint,"  
Stayed my hand; in your affection  
Song so plainly ousted paint;  
Swiftly did I lay that burly  
Axe aside, appealed to see  
That to reach the graveyard early  
You required no help from me.





"AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HOME RULE, PAT?"

"SURE, SOR, 'TWILL BE LIKE HIVEN."

"LIKE HEAVEN! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?"

"FAITH, THIN, THE PRIESTS TELL US THAT WHIN WE GET TO HIVEN WE'LL ALL BE BLISSSED ANGELS WID WINGS AN' HARPS, WHIN ALL THE TIME WE'D FAR SOONER STAY THE WAY WE ARE NOW!"

#### THE PACKING.

"CERTAINLY not," said Alfred, in reply to various well-meant offers of assistance from the family; "I much prefer to do it myself. Packing is one of those things that are perfectly easy if you work them on a proper system."

Alfred had been asked to a "Cinderella and stay the week-end" at the Willmotts'. He has only recently put his hair up—or whatever it is men do to show that they can be invited to grown-up dances—and this was really his first invitation to go unchaperoned by the rest of us, and therefore something of an event.

"The proper system," he explained, about a week before the date of departure, "is to rehearse an imaginary day, and put out everything you are likely to want, as you think of it." After several of these imaginary days, when Alfred's room had assumed an appearance suggestive of something between a rummage sale and an eviction, it was asked him whether the system also included imaginary luggage, "because nothing in the house would

hold more than half of these things, let alone your one presentable suit-case!"

So the last forty-eight hours were spent by Alfred in a severe sub-editing of the system. Even here, however, he showed himself intolerant of advice. "Five dress-shirts for a week-end may appear absurd to girls," he said witheringly, "because you don't understand. Besides, they prevent the hair-wash from getting broken."

One is bound to admit that when completed the result really did look rather nice. Alfred's pyjamas, in which he has a remarkably neat taste, imparted a chic and elegance to the top layer, which, it was generally felt, could not fail favourably to impress the eye of a valet. Nothing appeared to have been forgotten, even to two pairs of white gloves and a tin of superfluous shaving-cream. The fact that he was obliged to carry his sponge and tooth-brush in his overcoat pocket was explained by the inventor as a foreseen result of the rehearsal system, which could easily be remedied by keeping duplicates of these articles.

I will say, too, that Alfred accepted

our congratulations with a very becoming modesty. "It's just system," he said, as he locked the perfected evidence of success. "I don't suppose I should be any better at it than anyone else if I hadn't taken the trouble to think the matter out."

The actual departure was thus something of a small triumph. As we waved our hands to Alfred's retreating figure there was a general impression that the cadet of the family had proved himself worthy of its best traditions. The journey before him was a longish one, and Alfred's mother had exacted a promise that he would wire news of his safe arrival. Under ordinary circumstances she might have suggested a knotted handkerchief as an aid to memory, but in face of the system any such proposal was felt to be not only unneeded but impertinent. "He'll do it without that," we said.

He did. The wire reached his family just as it was sitting down to dinner, and about half-an-hour after the departure of our last post. It was very brief. "All well," it said; "please send key of suit-case."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE to thank Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD for taking me so intimately into his confidence, for the confidence was more than worth while and the taking was very pleasantly done. *Some Reminiscences* (NASH), if it defies analysis, makes capital reading. I feel now as a listener might feel who, having been silent by choice during an hour or two's yarn-ing, is suddenly called upon to express an opinion. Bless my soul! I have no opinion, except that I was vastly intrigued and quite oblivious of the passage of time during the recital. The sensations, experiences and observations of a much-troubled Pole, a beloved author and a certified master of the British Mercantile Marine were casually uttered as they cropped up. There was, I remember, some talk of NAPOLEON and the Russian Empire, and a vivid account of how a novel comes into being. Beyond that, I can only say that I spent a delightful evening in the very best company, and received a cold shock when the reminiscences suddenly ceased and I had to go to bed. I take it that this book will be universally read, without any recommendation from me; but I should like to mention that its 237 pages, though in the first person, are wholly innocent of the slightest egotism.

"The waiter placed before young Mr. Haynes a plate on which were a few white bones; an eye-ball and a piece of black mackintosh. 'Turbot, Sir,' said the waiter in an explanatory voice." And hotel turbot has never been so nicely summed up. But then, Mr. BARRY PAIN always had a genius for stripping pretenders bare of their pretence and displaying them as they really are. His latest volume, *Stories in Grey* (WERNER LAURIE), does not show him at his best, for he can do better things than the magazine story; but it contains characteristic touches of observation and humour which make it acceptable. There are included one or two tales of the supernatural; but whenever I read Mr. PAIN in this manner I wish that I could read the other Mr. PAIN's diagnosis of him. He could expose the charlatany of the supernatural story with deadly effect. *Stories in Grey* will hardly add to a reputation as high as the author's, but I must confess that it gave me a good deal of enjoyment.

The jingly title of Major F. M. PEACOCK's *When the War is o'er* (LONGMANS) dates back to the days when waltzing was waltzing, my boy, and jokes were jokes; it is part of the refrain of the old valse-tune which was attributed by a desperate Victorian wag to the composer of *Moses in Egypt*. You remember the words—"When the war is o'er we'll part once more at Ehren on the Rhine." Yet stay, was it "once more" or "no more"? The question bothered me a good deal after I had read a few chapters. I had got interested in the love-affairs of the tall, slight, anxious-eyed, unselfish Major and the pretty ex-serjeant's daughter,

Agatha by name and charming as well as good by nature, whom he befriended in the Indian station where his regiment was quartered. And when he stepped aside and let her become engaged to an officer in the Gunners I was weak enough to turn to the last page of the book. I wanted to know the best or the worst at once, before the regiment and the Major and the Gunner moved on to South Africa and the risks of the Boer War. I must not, of course, give away what I found out, especially as Major PEACOCK has more than one anxious moment in store for his readers. But I can assure them that the war-pictures are excellent, and do not strike one in the least as being belated, and that the naive style of the soldier-author adds much to the naturalness of his pleasant story.

To the small number of those authors who can write a readable school-story must now be added the name of Mr. E. W. HORNUNG, whose *Fathers of Men* (SMITH, ELDER) strikes me as a more than creditable attempt at a notoriously difficult task. One of the most obvious difficulties is the

evolution of a new plot in so restricted a medium; this Mr. HORNUNG has cleverly overcome by the originality of his initial situation. *Jan Rutter*, his hero, is the son of a coachman and a mother who has married so far beneath her as to be disowned by her family. Thus *Jan* is brought up as a stable lad till he is fourteen, when, both his parents being dead, the maternal relatives relent, and, after a scrambled preparation, he is pitchforked into the same school that holds *Evan Devereux*, the son of his late



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employer. It is a beginning rich in promise, which is to a very large extent, if not wholly, fulfilled. *Jan*, with his uncouthness, his mingling of diverse hereditary instincts, and his devotion to the handsome but worthless "Master Evan," is a fine and carefully-studied figure. Perhaps it is all a little too obviously done from the outside. I do not feel that the personages of the tale reveal themselves, as, for example, the boys of Mr. DESMOND COKE do. Mr. HORNUNG has sympathy and observation; but from the first chapter, when the house-master discourses cleverly and pleasantly about the new pupils, I was conscious that the author would rather have stayed chatting with him over a pipe than been forced to ruffle it in study and dormitory with his young barbarians. But it is a jolly tale, and the cricketing parts are worthy of *Raffles* at his best.

## The Fatal Mistake.

"He is reputed to have died of confused kidneys."—*Japan Times*.

"By an obvious oversight in the article 'Delsitus' of Rossetti,' which we published yesterday, the words 'Fui' and 'Qualis' were misprinted 'Tui' and 'Quallis'."—*Morning Post*.

We missed our *Morning Post* on the day after this announcement, but no doubt it said: "By an obvious oversight in yesterday's correction of an obvious oversight, 'Detritus' was misprinted 'Delsitus'."